

Swinnburne's Character Revealed in New Edition of Letters

The Real Swinnburne

Letters of Poet in New Edition
Throw Interesting Light on Man

By Rebecca Drucker

THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, edited by Edmund Gosse, 2 vols., published by John Lane Company, 12 net per set.

The explorer into the character of a famous man will find easier going by the beaten way of the biography, but the superior adventure is by way of a collection of letters, whenever such a one is available. It is worth some lit-

tle unevenness of passage to come out with first-hand impressions.

There is in the earliest letters a young man's swaggering and roistering delight in having outraged the respectabilities. He was then drinking deep from the well of paganism, in company with Morris, Rossetti and Burnes-Jones and the other young pre-Raphaelites. But this heady delight vanished and gave place to a deep anger when a few years later incorruptible Victorianism, outraged at his glorifications of the flesh, forced his publishers to stop the sale of the first edition of "Poems and Ballads." From then on he was the object of a ceaseless stream of vilification, and the result was that he floated the banner of atheism and paganism more proudly than before. But the effect on him personally was in the age of Voltaire had enjoyed the personal friendship of Mirabeau; anyhow he had the sense to throw it to the dogs and enter the political life, from which in those days it would have excluded him. My life has been eventless and monotonous. . . . I never cared for any pursuit, sport or study as a youngster

How he hated it all—the monotony—the hard work—the wretched father—all the poor, common-place folk of that dirty fishing village: He was a poor boy himself, but he had imagination, vision, hope—and a great longing to write. And there was one who had faith in him—just one—

But it makes a big story you must read for yourself.

RED OF SURLEY

By Tod Robbins

It is the fierce struggle of a man who rises above his surroundings—a man who knows the bitter hopelessness of being misunderstood—the jealousy of friendship that is ruined by the love of a woman—and the beauty of a love that is stronger than friendship.

"Red" is a real American boy, made of the grit and the idealism and the striving to overcome a sordid environment that grows into heroes and geniuses. "Red" knows the salt taste of disappointment and failure—but he knows, too, the sweetness of success.

It is a big, new, different book. Get it to-day at your bookseller's.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817

AS MOVIES STIR THE PULSES OF AMERICA SO ALL SPAIN THRILLS AT THE BULL-FIGHT

Blood and Sand

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Translated by Mrs. W. A. GILLESPIE

Introduction by Dr. ISAAC GOLDBERG

Net, \$1.90

"Every touch is essential, vigorous, entrancing."—Philadelphia Record.

"Rich with color, more gripping as a story than any of Blasco Ibanez's works that have been translated."—Detroit Sunday News.

"Every paragraph has the glamour of the exotic."—New York Sun.

"Vividly full of action, wonderfully rich in color."—New York Times.

"Vivid, colorful, dramatic, with an extraordinarily rich background."—New York Times Book Review.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Translated by CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

Net, \$1.90

The Shadow of the Cathedral

Translated by Mrs. W. A. GILLESPIE.

Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS

Order from your E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave. New York.

Bookseller or

"Of Absorbing Interest and Power"

THE HIGHER POWERS

OF MIND AND SPIRIT

A NEW "LIFE BOOK" BY

RALPH WALDO TRINE

Author of that World-Famous Classic,

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

(35TH THOUSAND)

AND OTHER INSPIRING BOOKS

At All Bookstores, \$1.50. Send for Free Booklet,

"RALPH WALDO TRINE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK"

Dodd, Mead & Company, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York

TWELVE MEN

By THEODORE DREISER

"By far the most readable and interesting book of the late Spring output."

—Heywood Broun, N. Y. Tribune.

\$1.75 everywhere

BONI & LIVERIGHT NEW YORK

except poetry, riding and swimming.

Being bred by the sea I am a good cragsman and am vain to this day of having scaled a well-known cliff on the South Coast; ever before and ever since reputed to be inaccessible. Perhaps I may be forgiven for referring to such puerilities, having read . . . bitterly, contemptuous remarks on my physical ability and puny proportions. I am much afraid this looks like an echo of poor Byron's notorious and very natural soreness about his personal defect; but really, if I were actually of powerful or deformed body I am certain I should not care though all men (and women) on earth remarked on it.

As my Antitheism has been so much babbling about, perhaps I may say a word about my religious beliefs. I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a personal God except by crude superstition or else by true spiritual revelation. But we who worship no god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the church of Blake and Shelley), and Poet in the sense of a Theist.

Most of these letters read of Swinburne's deep preoccupation with his craft. This preoccupation was not alone with his own writing but in its connection with the publication of his poems in America. "My father, Admiral Swinburne, is the second son of Sir John Swinburne, a person whose life would be better worth writing than mine. Born and brought up in France (we were all Catholic and Jacobite rebels and exiles) . . . my grandfather never left France till called away at twenty-five on the falling in of such English estates as confiscation had left to a family, which in every Catholic rebellion, from the days of my own Queen Mary to those of Charles Edward, had given their blood like water and their lands like dust for the Stuarts. I assume that his Catholicism sat lightly upon a young man who in the age of Voltaire had enjoyed the personal friendship of Mirabeau; anyhow he had the sense to throw it to the dogs and enter the political life, from which in those days it would have excluded him. My life has been eventless and monotonous. . . . I never cared for any pursuit, sport or study as a youngster

How he hated it all—the monotony—the hard work—the wretched father—all the poor, common-place folk of that dirty fishing village: He was a poor boy himself, but he had imagination, vision, hope—and a great longing to write. And there was one who had faith in him—just one—

But it makes a big story you must read for yourself.

RED OF SURLEY

By Tod Robbins

It is the fierce struggle of a man who rises above his surroundings—a man who knows the bitter hopelessness of being misunderstood—the jealousy of friendship that is ruined by the love of a woman—and the beauty of a love that is stronger than friendship.

"Red" is a real American boy, made of the grit and the idealism and the striving to overcome a sordid environment that grows into heroes and geniuses. "Red" knows the salt taste of disappointment and failure—but he knows, too, the sweetness of success.

It is a big, new, different book. Get it to-day at your bookseller's.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Established 1817

AS MOVIES STIR THE PULSES OF AMERICA SO ALL SPAIN THRILLS AT THE BULL-FIGHT

Blood and Sand

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Translated by Mrs. W. A. GILLESPIE

Introduction by Dr. ISAAC GOLDBERG

Net, \$1.90

"Every touch is essential, vigorous, entrancing."—Philadelphia Record.

"Rich with color, more gripping as a story than any of Blasco Ibanez's works that have been translated."—Detroit Sunday News.

"Every paragraph has the glamour of the exotic."—New York Sun.

"Vividly full of action, wonderfully rich in color."—New York Times.

"Vivid, colorful, dramatic, with an extraordinarily rich background."—New York Times Book Review.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Translated by CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

Net, \$1.90

The Shadow of the Cathedral

Translated by Mrs. W. A. GILLESPIE.

Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS

Order from your E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave. New York.

Bookseller or

"Of Absorbing Interest and Power"

THE HIGHER POWERS

OF MIND AND SPIRIT

A NEW "LIFE BOOK" BY

RALPH WALDO TRINE

Author of that World-Famous Classic,

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

(35TH THOUSAND)

AND OTHER INSPIRING BOOKS

At All Bookstores, \$1.50. Send for Free Booklet,

"RALPH WALDO TRINE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK"

Dodd, Mead & Company, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York

TWELVE MEN

By THEODORE DREISER

"By far the most readable and interesting book of the late Spring output."

—Heywood Broun, N. Y. Tribune.

\$1.75 everywhere

BONI & LIVERIGHT NEW YORK

Irene Castle and Vernon Castle



Castle in the Air

Mrs. Vernon Castle's Book, "My Husband," Is Vivid Story of a Personality

MY HUSBAND. By Mrs. Vernon Castle. Illustrated by Charles Scribner's Sons. 254 pages.

Mrs. Castle's book about her husband is a surprisingly interesting piece of work. The surprise lies in the fact that an untrained writer has succeeded in preparing so good a book. Perhaps this should not be set down as a sheer accident. After all, while the book is free of all witchery of perfect style, Mrs. Castle has none of the annoying faults of people who know a little about writing but not much. It is true, perhaps, that most interesting books come from people who know the business of writing down to the last detail or from people who know nothing. The world is filled with inaccessible mountain ranges made up of books by pretty good writers.

There are occasional startling effects in "My Husband" because of the fact that Mrs. Castle acknowledges responsibility to provide transition from paragraph to paragraph. Thus we may find a paragraph ending, "Necessity made us dancers, and it was not until we got to Paris that necessity urged us," while the next paragraph begins: "It was while we were playing in 'The Hen-Pecks' that I first knew, or came to know, of Vernon's boundless love for animals."

No Cares of Style

Perhaps the lack of all responsibility is one of the attractive qualities of the book. It is not a piece of work that has been planned to death. Of course, the untrained writer cannot compete for attention unless she has an interesting story to tell. Here there is no lack in the Castle book. The career of the Castles is one of those fascinating stories of an express journey from obscurity to boundless popularity. The most engaging part of the story deals with the life of the dancers in the days before they won their fame. They seem to have had a pretty good time of it in Paris, in spite of their financial difficulties.

"We had borrowed from the management of the theatre," writes Mrs. Castle, "till we were afraid to ask for more; in fact, we were very little helped by the money that we borrowed from the theatre, for it invariably had to be turned over immediately to our landlady. She was a large, noisy woman, who was only amiable when 'paid in full.' Every time we paid the rent, however, we had one good dinner and blowout. It was usually at some little restaurant on the boulevard. Walter always went with us, for he was the only person we knew in Paris and we loved his company. We had champagne on these occasions and more than we wanted to eat, because there was so little left from the rent it never seemed worth saving."

Zowie! the building, usually went along on these parties and ate large steaks specially ordered for him. Walter was an old negro servant and seems to have been a useful one in view of the fact that he drew no salary. He was distinctly an asset, for Mrs. Castle relates of one occasion, upon which they were distinctly hard-up, "Walter came to the rescue at the end of the fourth day. He rushed into the room carrying many packages. He had taught the valet in the apartment below ours to play craps. By risking nine times he had won three and one-half francs."

Jays of Hardup Days

The hardup days must have been good fun because Mrs. Castle devotes so much attention to them and takes

such evident pleasure in remembering details. She tells how they first danced at the Café de Paris, and how Louis, the proprietor, came over at the end of the dance with a 300 franc tip from a Russian nobleman who wanted an encore.

"Vernon was most embarrassed," she writes, "and quite proudly insisted that we could not take the money. I stepped hard on his foot and 'colored' the 300. I did not feel that we could refuse; primarily because we needed it so much, and then I thought that we might easily offend the Russian nobleman by doing so. This seemed to me an especially bad thing to do, as it had been made clear to us that he was so great a friend of Louis. I was right; it was the custom in Paris to tip all entertainers lavishly, and we afterward made much more from tips than through our contracts."

With the beginning of the war there is no material which is amusing both in substance and point of view concerning the difficulties of transporting dogs from France to England on the eve of a great conflict. Vernon Castle expressed a desire to get into the fighting, but at first his wife dissuaded him. Later when he decided to go into aviation he found that England made enlistment no easy task. It was a awful lot of waiting around to be done. Vernon Castle wrote early in 1916, "I feel like a bad actor trying to see Shubert for a job."

Pastimes of an Aviator

The second half of the book is composed entirely of Vernon Castle's letters from the front, and these are also interesting literary material, because Castle shows himself to have been a painstaking observer of little things. Unlike so many books about the war, there is no inclusion of soul searching or reduced to a minimum. There are brief stories of flights in the sky, but very much more about what the aviator did and drank and what his favorite phonograph records were. We also learn to follow the career of Mrs. Vernon Castle very closely, because her aviator husband keeps up a very lively interest in her activities. "You're in Dayton to-day," he writes. "Poor darling, it's such a rotten town."

Castle seems to have had rather a better time at the front than in London during his few brief periods of leave. The dancing of his countrywomen distresses him. "God! How the people danced! Five years behind the times," is his judgment.

At the front things are more lively. In accordance with flying traditions, the antidote for the excitement of the back at hand is an equal excitement in the periods of play.

"I managed to get a block of ice from a hospital in a town near here," Castle writes. "We'd never had ice here before, and I made cocktails and champagne cup. Most of the boys got fearfully tight, but they are all very young and felt all right this morning. I suppose that our good luck had a party once in a while, but nothing will make me happy but you, darling."

A little later there is another party which is recorded as a success. "One of our guests got his face walked on by a hobnobbed boot and it was altogether a jolly evening."

Castle Is Decorated

These are merely interludes. Castle describes a number of air battles in which he took part, and eventually he received a decoration from the French. After a time he was sent to Canada as an instructor and later to Texas, where he met his death by attempting a difficult manoeuvre in order to save another machine.

Mrs. Castle is quite justifiably resentful of the newspaper attitude, that by dying a heroic death Vernon Castle "redeemed" himself. There seems to have been no great score charged against him. He pursued fun pretty hard, finding it in drum playing and polo and dogs and monkeys and steepchases, but for all that he had time to influence American life very considerably. Certainly he and Mrs. Castle were the founders of modern dancing. This ought to be set down on the credit side, we think. It has taken ten years off here and twenty pounds away there, and has served to put a little grace into modern living which it might never have gained from any other quarter. As the prime movers in the dance craze the Castles were interesting figures and "My Husband" reflects with a good deal of accuracy two personalities which are picturesque, if not profound. H. B.

CORNELIA

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

Cornelia, the girl who would rather be sorry than safe, is twin sister of Emmy Lou and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

YOU'LL LIKE CORNELIA

All Bookstores Illus. \$1.25 net.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

Not a War Story

The TIN SOLDIER

By Temple Bailey

40th Thousand

At All Bookstores, \$1.50

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia

The Son of Pio

A NOVEL OF FILIPINO LIFE

By C. L. CARLSEN, Author of "The Taming of Calinga"

The New York Times says: "It tells a good story, and tells it well, with plenty of snap and go, with a sense of humor, with a mounting tension of emotion that holds the reader in its grip and an appreciation of dramatic situation that does nothing by the actors being mostly brown of skin and very puzzling of temperament and character to those who are not. And finally the book's crowning virtue as a good story and an interesting tale is in the fact that the author does understand and can interpret with sympathy and justice the character of the Filipino."

"A corking good story whether the Filipinos interest you or not."

\$1.75, postage extra, at any Bookstore.

E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave., New York

About a Column

A useful book which comes to hand this week is a dictionary of 6,000 phrases, compiled and arranged by Edwin Hamlin Carr and published by Putnam. In addition to its phrases it contains one hundred social letters, including those of condolence, of congratulation, of friendly appreciation, with gifts, of recommendation, of resignation, of thanks and so on. Nothing is left for the writer except to fill in the names and supply the postage.

The chapter on letters of recommendation interested us profoundly. Everybody, at some time or other, has been asked to write a letter of recommendation for some perfectly worthless friend. Different types of men have reacted to this problem in different ways, but most of them have lied rather than offend the perfectly worthless friend. The book shows how the thing may be solved without harm to the truth or to any honest person's feelings. We cite as an example the following model from the book:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I have known Mr. [Name] for [Number] years. He is a young man of splendid habits and would recommend him for any position suitable to his ability.

There is a form at which nobody could balk. Mr. Frank Cobb, of "The World," could, and probably would, give just such a letter to Mr. Burleson if he indicated a desire to go into business.

All the editorial writers say: "Is that so?"

Sir, Why not an occasional reference to an older good book? As a suggestion, I have introduced in reviewing might inspire exceptional results. Why so much attention to fluff only because it is recent?

A few of us deplore the dilapidation so prevalent in our literary columns. Most of our book comments are written in about as good taste as The Tribune's editorials.—D. L. G.

"Oh, but not on the wing, sir. Sainte Beuve is dead, but there are still marks to shoot at. Gosse is alive, and, I believe, is Saintsbury.—D. L. G.

Personally, we'd rather take a shot at Clayton Hamilton or Mencken if we could get either beam on at short range.

Our Weekly News Beat

Don't mistake whom "The Tribune" has been recently published, is a creature of untrammelled conventions. Instead of using a ribbon on his typewriter he makes a carbon sandwich, the impression of the keys on the carbon sheet giving the printer copy from the inside sheet.—A. W. W.

"Our neighbor, The Tribune, has made Heywood Broun its Chief Book Reporter, and as Heywood Broun is a good reporter first and everything else afterward, Spruce Street isn't too wide to reach across. Shake! The Sun is 'Books and the Book World' of April. Reach across! Why, we'd jump across to receive so amiable a greeting."

We wish to emphasize again that this column welcomes contributors and pays them, too. That is, a contributor may select any book from the shelves in Room 323 of The Tribune Building in return for a paragraph or more.

In next week's book pages we expect to have a review of Dwight W. Morrow's book, "The Society of Free States," by Professor Roland G. Usher. We also hope to be able to print a number of letters from Joseph Conrad written shortly before the publication of "The Arrow of God."

In an effort to make some lazy verse accurate recently I tried to verify my memory of a character in "The House of Seven Gables." My memory of it was "Hephzibah Finchin," but as I had not read the book since the spring of 1904 or 1905 I was far from sure. My Sears, Roebuck dollar-down had nothing about her; my dictionary did not mention her; I asked eight persons and none of them could help me. So I left it up to The Tribune proof room and it sustained me. (You didn't specify if two paragraphs were permissible.)

It occurred to me then, not only that free verse was not always lazy, but that a column conductor might find it amusing to conduct a roth on his readers. Personally I have a hell of a time remembering the classics and standards, having read most of them at a too early age. Mr. Roth, you may recall, is the marvelous gent who rushes up to the man in the hotel lobby and says, "You are Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle? I met you nine years ago on the corner of Seventh and Polk streets, etc. Send five dollars and learn how. I'll be glad to start it off for you, for any good book, read or unread, preferably one I haven't read. Thus, All I can remember of the 'Three Musketeers' (read at the age of twelve) is that three rough soldiers who took a lady out in a boat and cut off her head; I believe there was a fleur-de-lis burned on one of her shoulders. In 'Les Misérables' (read at the age of fourteen) there was an old man who stole the stones of his heart; it was stolen, the gold, and he came back to find the golden head of a child on the hearth. Oh yes, the child was there too.

Should we teach our children the Roth method as they read? FEM.

We turned against government ownership last week when we sent a telegram to Christopher Morley about his book, "The Rocking Horse," and discovered two days later that it had been changed during transmission to "The Rocking Horse." Of course, we do not assert that Burleson was directly responsible, but it seems to us that it illustrates the reckless and frivolous spirit which has been allowed to creep into the wire service.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

To the 69th

Come Home!

Joyce Kilmer's books are on sale in every Book Shop in and around New York. He speaks for you and for every American who is proud of American pluck. Ask to see the fine two-volume edition of his poems and essays.

George H. Doran Company

In Flanders Fields

By JOHN MCRAE

At all bookstores \$1.50 net

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS NEW YORK

This and the other beautiful poems of John McCrae, the soldier-poet who fell in France, have been published in one volume, with an intimate biographical essay by his friend, Sir Andrew Macphail.

In Flanders Fields

By JOHN MCRAE

At all bookstores \$1.50 net

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS NEW YORK

This and the other beautiful poems of John McCrae, the soldier-poet who fell in France, have been published in one volume, with an intimate biographical essay by his friend, Sir Andrew Macphail.

In Flanders Fields

By JOHN MCRAE

At all bookstores \$1.50 net